

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

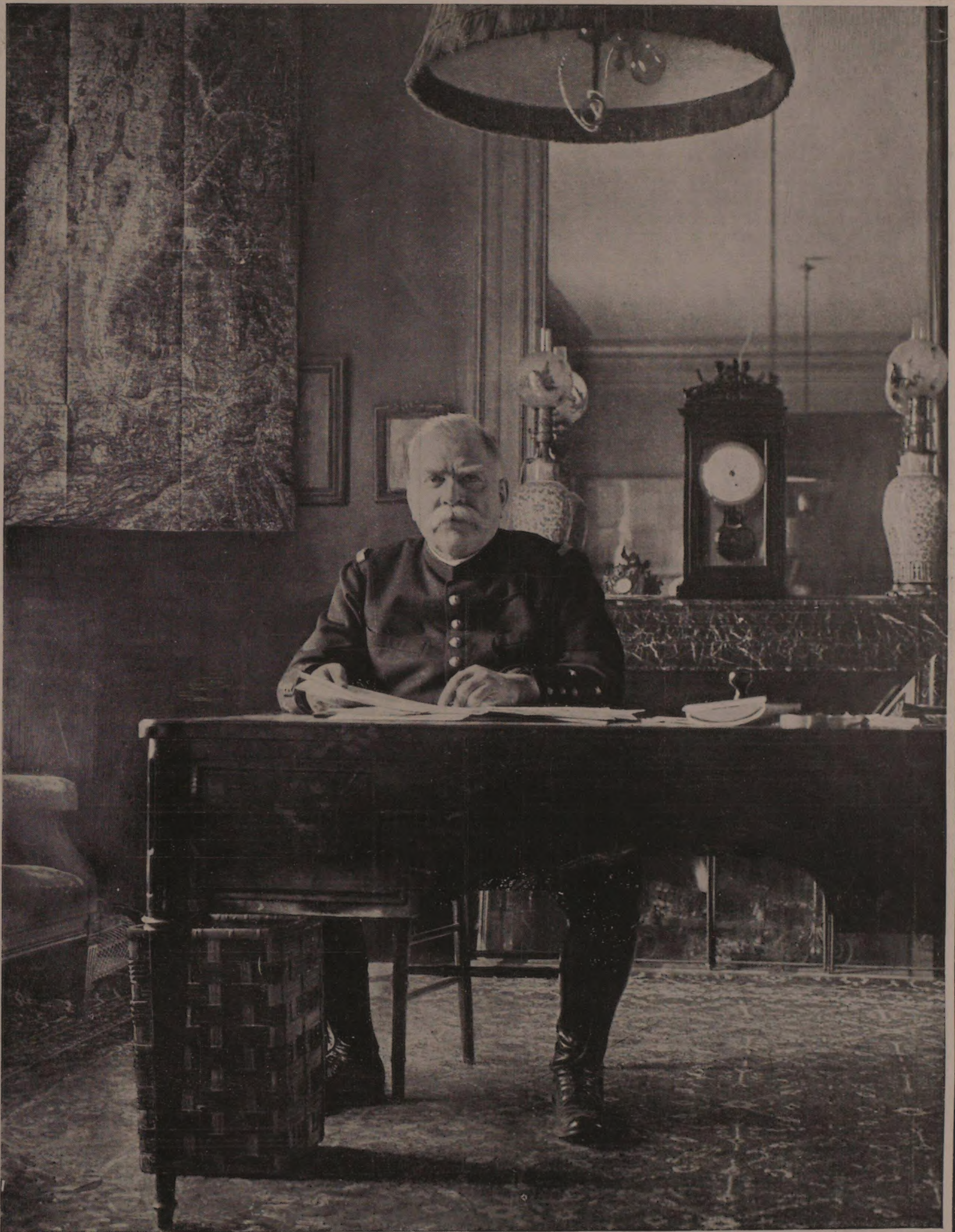
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SIXPENCE.

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THE MASTER MIND OF THE FRENCH "HIGH COMMAND": GENERAL JOFFRE IN HIS ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS.

France and the Allies generally, with General Joffre directing the destinies of the war in the West, entertain no doubt whatever as to the issue of the Verdun battle. Momentary successes of the enemy matter little to those who know the Generalissimo and his methods. "The present battle before Verdun," said a recent semi-official Note issued in Paris, "surpasses in magnitude all that have gone before it. It is a general battle between the two armies. It is possible

that the present, perhaps decisive, period was opened, not by the enemy's initiative, but by the will of our High Command." Long ago, when using a phrase of his own, now become a classic term of war—"I nibble at them," General Joffre declared that he had at disposal sufficient means to break through the enemy when and where he would, but that for the time he purposed to refrain from the effort, in order not to sacrifice his men's lives needlessly.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SOCIÉTÉ DE SECOURS AUX BLESSÉS MILITAIRES.

PICTURES OF THE WORLD-WAR FROM MANY LAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. NEWS

CAMERA NEWS OF OPERATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ILLUSTRATIONS, L.N.A., ALFIERI, AND TOPICAL.



WITH A GERMAN OFFICER'S WIFE IN MALE ATTIRE: GERMAN OFFICERS
NEAR LAKE TANGANYIKA—A CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH.



WITH TWO ENGINES AND PROPELLERS
OF A NEW



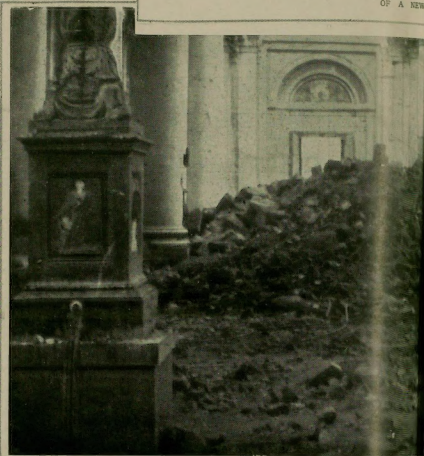
GUN IN THE MIDDLE: AN ALLIED BIPLANE
POWERFUL TYPE.



BASRA UNDER THE BRITISH MILITARY ENGINEER: ARABS EMPLOYED
IN REPAVING THE MUD ROADS WITH STONE AND CEMENT.



A STREET RENAMED TO COMMEMORATE ITALY'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR:
VIA 24 MAGGIO, "SOMEWHERE" IN THE TRENTINO.



THE TRAGEDY OF ARRAS—WHERE "HEAVY AND CONCENTRATED"
CATHEDRAL WAS



BOMBARDMENTS HAVE AGAIN OCCURRED": THE INTERIOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL
BY GERMAN SHELLS.



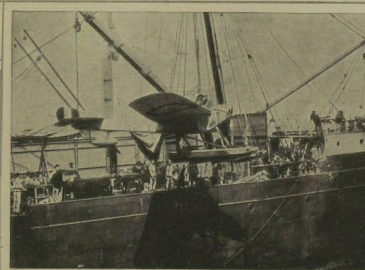
USED AS A BUOY ON THE TIGRIS: A GERMAN MINE INTERCEPTED
IN THE RIVER.



THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ITALY'S DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA:
DEMONSTRATIONS IN ROME.



CANADIAN LUMBERMEN FELLING TIMBER IN WINDSOR PARK:
THE FALL OF A FINE FIR-TREE.



OUR NAVAL AIR-SERVICE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A BRITISH SEAPLANE
BEING HOISTED OUT OF ITS MOTHER-SHIP FOR A FLIGHT.



SOLDIERS ATTENDING A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT SEA IN LIFE-BELTS: A ROMAN CATHOLIC
SERVICE, CONDUCTED BY A FRANCISCAN, ON BOARD A TROOP-SHIP.

A few brief notes on the photographs may be given. (1) This, a German one captured from the enemy, is interesting in view of the recent official news of an advance, by the British, on the northern borders of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, 20 miles into German territory on the whole front between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. The photograph shows a group of German officers on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, among them an officer's wife clad in masculine attire. Our correspondent mentions that "she did Red Cross work, and did it well." (2) The photograph shows a new type of double-engine biplane used by the Allies. A gunner sits in the middle between the two engines. (3) Here we see one result of the British occupation of Basra. The mud roads are being repaved with stone and cement, and Arabs have been set to work thus to improve their own city. (4) May 24 (our Empire Day) was celebrated in Rome as the first anniversary of the Italian Declaration of War against Austria. This photograph shows a street in the Trentino renamed "Via 24 Maggio" in honour of the occasion. (5) (6) This German submarine mine was one of many set adrift in the Tigris by the enemy to sink our river craft or destroy bridges. Practically all were intercepted, and some, with their explosive charges extracted, have been used as buoys to mark the channel. (7) Here is seen a crowd in one of the principal streets of Rome on the above-mentioned anniversary of Italy's entry into the war. (8) To meet the exceptional demand for wood for war purposes, the Home-Grown Timber Committee brought over 1500 Canadian lumbermen, who are employed in felling trees in the Crown forests. (9) Naval seaplanes are hoisted on board "mother-ships," from which they start, and to which they return, being hoisted over the ship's side. (10) This photograph gains additional interest from the fact that the officiating priest was a Franciscan, Brother Scanlan.

Headquarters reported on May 29 that "the town and neighbourhood of Arras . . . have been the scene of intermittent but heavy and concentrated hostile bombardments." (6) This German submarine mine was one of many set adrift in the Tigris by the enemy to sink our river craft or destroy bridges. Practically all were intercepted, and some, with their explosive charges extracted, have been used as buoys to mark the channel. (7) Here is seen a crowd in one of the principal streets of Rome on the above-mentioned anniversary of Italy's entry into the war. (8) To meet the exceptional demand for wood for war purposes, the Home-Grown Timber Committee brought over 1500 Canadian lumbermen, who are employed in felling trees in the Crown forests. (9) Naval seaplanes are hoisted on board "mother-ships," from which they start, and to which they return, being hoisted over the ship's side. (10) This photograph gains additional interest from the fact that the officiating priest was a Franciscan, Brother Scanlan.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SAID last week that one of the remarks of Professor Walz of Harvard deserved an article to itself; and, indeed, I think that it is really to this point that we shall continually return in considering the problem of the war. The fact, the almost stupefying fact, about Professor Walz was this—that he described Germany as a friend of small nations, and then actually quoted Belgium as an *example* of this interesting generalisation. It is obvious that we have here to do with an important distinction and a somewhat remarkable state of mind. To say that Cain was a very sympathetic person *although* he murdered Abel is something analogous to much that has been written in modern psychology and casuistry. But to say that Cain was a sympathetic fellow *because* he murdered Abel is something which the mildest criticism can only describe as extraordinary. And it is in truth this element of the extraordinary in the modern German's ethics which must be the more arresting feature in our eyes because it entirely escapes his own. Here, as everywhere, I would avoid anything like a confused or inconsistent accumulation of charges against Germany. German moral philosophy is bad; but it is bad in a particular way. And, like most things that are bad in a particular way, it can even appear as good, if we state it in a particular way. We might say with some real truth of Professor Walz that his conscience appears to be at rest. I will not disguise the suspicion that the rest of his conscience is partly due to the avoidance of any undue restlessness in his intellect; but it is impossible to imagine that any man would pick out so unlucky an example if he felt anything like what the rest of the world feels about it. We must constrain ourselves to believe, therefore, that Germany's conduct to Belgium really is the Professor's idea of how a little nation should be treated, and even of how a little nation would like to be treated. Probably he thinks that Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland stood around in an ecstasy of joyful expectation, hoping every moment that they too might be invaded by ten or twelve foreign army corps. He imagines them eagerly signalling to the Prussians to say that they also had several famous historic buildings to be burned down, and numerous municipal mayors and village curés whose one dream in life had been to be arrested and shot. He pictures, as I conceive, the hospital nurses of small and neglected nationalities waiting in a kind of queue for a private interview with Von Bissing. I am treating Professor Walz's remark rather wildly; but I really do not know how else to treat it.

But the case is clinched when we consider *why* the Professor makes this astounding claim. He makes it on the ground that something called the Flemish Race will owe its emancipation to Germany. Professor Walz strikes me as being, in all probability, one of those people who mean well; but the question is not whether he means well: the question is what he means by meaning well. He himself may be capable, for all I know, of raiding a peaceful country, seizing its cities, and sweeping its army to destruction, not for strategy or for territory, but solely because he thinks that in that particular country the dark-haired

men have undue social advantages over the fair-haired men. He may be quite capable of doing it solely in order to bring good tidings of great joy to all people who happen to have Flamand surnames—such as Vandervelde or Cammaerts. But it is exactly because he is capable of doing it for some such maniacal reason that M. Vandervelde and M. Cammaerts both earnestly desire to put him (or his like) in a strait-waistcoat. A man simply must not be listened to, and must only with some trepidation be let loose, who avowedly professes that at any moment an alleged race can over-ride an existing nation. There is certainly not a single historic and patriotic people in the world, and least of all the Central Empires, which would be safe for an hour from invasion on every side if it could be done, not even by idealists liberating a nation, but by anthropologists hunting for a type. It opens the prospect of some very picturesque historical novels of the future: all Scandinavia sweeping like a scourge on England, as in the darkness of the ninth century, because of the Danish surnames to be found in Norfolk; a new Spanish Armada coming to Ireland to discover the

Those intentions seem to him so obviously good that he actually brandishes Belgium before us as his instance, and as his first instance, that Germany is Nationalist and a friend of little nations. It is this which separates the philosophic tyranny of Germany from the incidental tyranny of everybody else. It is not necessary to maintain, and I have never dreamed of maintaining, that England has not done silly, panic-stricken, or oppressive things. It is not even necessary to maintain that she is not doing them now. I entirely agree that, but for the intervention of the Prime Minister, a rump of Orange opinion, more short-sighted and destructive even than the rioters themselves, might still be using the Dublin fiasco as a chance of adding a stain to our reputation, instead of using it (as it obviously ought to be used) as a chance of wiping one off.

But these disputes do not even touch the fundamental division in philosophy of which I am speaking here. The English, whatever they may have done in Ireland in the past, have never acted in order to save Irishmen with long skulls from Irishmen

with round skulls, or to resist Irishmen with Gaelic names like Mahaffy for the love of other Irishmen with more Saxon names like Yeats. They do not explain the death of Sheehy Skeffington by saying that they were angry with Sheehy but not with Skeffington, the first word bearing traces of a Gaelic termination and the second traces of a Teutonic one. Nor does any English Don from Oxford or Cambridge go about the world actually flourishing the oppression of Ireland as an example of the romantic liberalism of England.

Ireland is not exactly the name that leaps first to the lips of a eulogist of England, as the name of Belgium leapt first to the lips of Professor Walz when he was called upon to be a eulogist of Germany. The reason is that, when England ill-treated Ireland, it was one nation ill-treating another nation; it was not a Professor nosing about to find a forgotten tribe. As I have already said, the difference is so real that it can be turned the other way and stated in a manner more unfavourable to ourselves. It may very well be argued that the attitude of England has been more wicked than Germany, being the attitude of a civilised State, and therefore more of a sin against the light. And, whether this be true or no, it brings us closer to the core of the truth.

For Professor Walz has let slip the secret which is the weakness of his position. The truth is that, when he talks about helping a "nation," he does not know what we mean by a nation, and, if possible, even less what the Belgians or the Irish mean by a nation. He does really suppose that it is a sort of race—that it is something at least akin to having yellow hair or talking a guttural sort of language. What is at the back of this racial business is what is at the back of so many modern German things. It is materialism, which brings forth wilder manias than any spiritualism. For a race is something like a river—automatic and almost inanimate. But a nation, like a Church, is built out of the souls of men.

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OBVIOUSLY CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT: A CHEERFUL GROUP OF GERMAN PRISONERS.

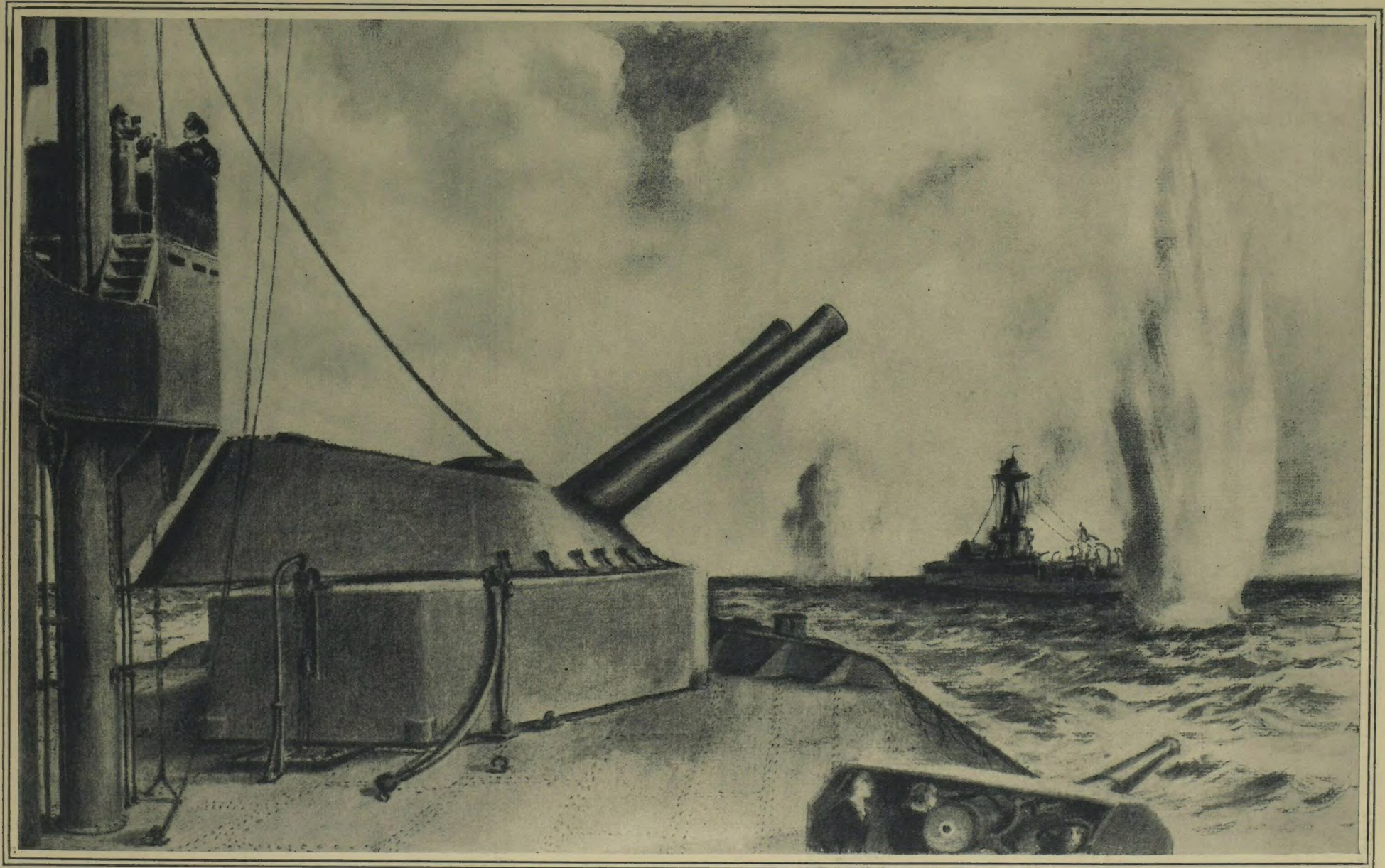
These captured German soldiers cannot have felt much enthusiasm for the war, or they would not accept their fate thus cheerfully. Describing some German prisoners at St. Eloi, Mr. Philip Gibbs wrote recently: "They were glad to be out of all the horror, and their cheerfulness and gaiety were due, no doubt, to this supreme good luck. . . . They were grateful for the kindness of their treatment. . . . They agreed unanimously that all their comrades were eager for peace."

Photograph by Gorca.

descendants of the Spaniards wrecked there after the ruin of the old one; the Welsh County Councils politely requesting France to favour them with the whole of Brittany, or *vice versa*. They would be very exciting novels, but we should not have much time to write them. And as for my American friends and critics, to whom the innocent Professor actually addresses himself, including the hearty gentleman who sent me Professor Walz's article as an antidote to the poison which it is my nature to exude, what are we to say of their prospects in the presence of the Professor's plan of racial disentanglement? The United States is so far a successful experiment in democracy and peace; and I have never joined in the shallow sneers at it for putting a great value on its peace. But what will its peace be worth on the day when the nations of the world all come looking for races in it, and quarrelling about which of the races is properly treated there?

And this sort of thing is what Professor Walz quite seriously calls befriending nationalities. This, as I say, is the whole difference. The purpose of the Princes of the Prussian ruling caste I believe to have been as cynically atheistic as their atheist father, Frederick the Great; but I am now speaking of that more ignorant and sentimental sort of atheism which marks their tools the Professors, and which most unmistakably marks Professor Walz. So far as he is concerned, Belgium has been turned into a hell in order that he might pave it with his good intentions.

A TYPE OF WAR-SHIP REVIVED BY THE WAR: BRITISH MONITORS IN ACTION AND UNDER FIRE.

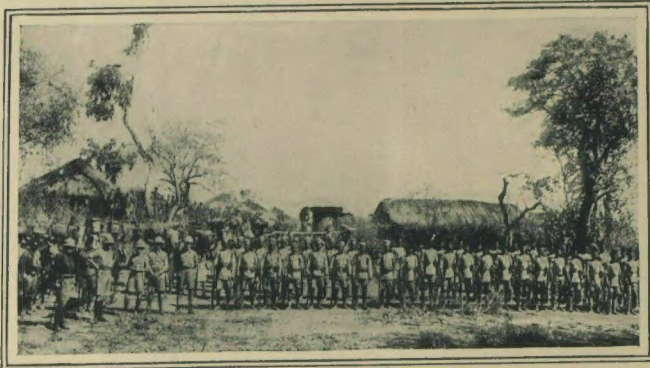


WITH SHELLS FROM HEAVY GERMAN GUNS, FIRED FAR AWAY, DROPPING AROUND THEM, AND THROWING UP BIG COLUMNS OF WATER: TWO BRITISH MONITORS—
ONE SEEN FROM THE OTHER'S STEEL DECK—ENGAGING THE ENEMY ON SHORE.

The monitor is a very useful type of war-ship which has been revived owing to the exigencies of the present war. Our monitors have done very good service, especially off the coast of Belgium and at the Dardanelles. Only a few days ago a report from the German Main Headquarters issued in Berlin stated that "enemy monitors approaching the coast were repulsed by the fire of our artillery." As regards the "repulsing," it is sufficient perhaps to remember that this was the

German version of the affair! Our drawing shows two British monitors engaging the enemy on shore, one seen from the steel deck of the other. The splashes in the water around them are caused by German shells of very heavy calibre (possibly 15-inch), fired from miles away, bursting in the sea. The crew of the secondary armament (seen towards the right) of the monitor in the foreground are standing by to repel submarine attacks. The big-gun turret is poised, awaiting orders to fire.

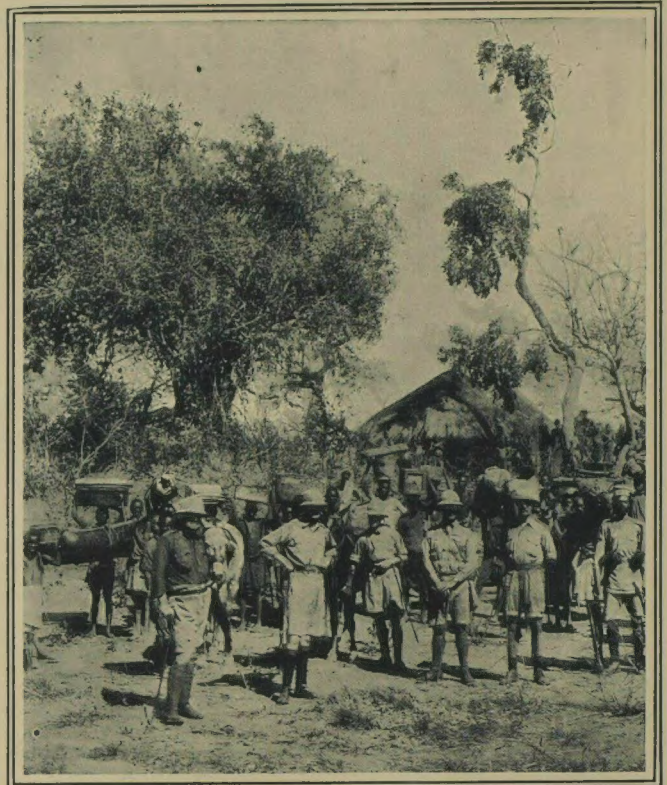
FROM AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN WAR AREAS: ON FRONTS WIDE APART.



THE SOUTHERN EAST AFRICA ADVANCE: BRITISH COMMANDING OFFICERS AND NATIVE REGIMENTAL ESCORTS.



SERVING WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL NORTHEY'S RHODESIAN COLUMN: VOLUNTEER SCOUTS; NATIVE MILITARY POLICE; BAGGAGE-CARRIERS.



THE SOUTHERN INVASION OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA: COMMANDING OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR A FRONTIER COUNCIL.



IN THE AUSTRIAN FORTRESS BARRING THE WAY TO TRIESTE: A STREET IN GORIZIA, WHERE ITALIAN SHELLS CONSTANTLY FALL.



IN A FORTIFIED PLACE CONTINUALLY BOMBARDED BY THE ITALIANS: WHAT WAS LEFT OF A HOUSE IN GORIZIA INSIDE WHICH A SHELL BURST.

In the three uppermost photographic illustrations are seen some of the troops who, according to official despatches at the moment of writing, are advancing in force, under Brigadier-General Northey, between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. In the upper left-hand photograph are seen commanding officers of the Rhodesian Volunteers, B.S.A. Police, and Nyasaland Border, with escorts of native troops, met at a rendezvous on the frontier for a war-council. The British officers are to the left; the escort to the centre and left. In rear are native carriers, necessary because of the impossibility of getting wheeled

transport through the dense bush. The second of the two upper left-hand illustrations shows types of the force, Rhodesian Volunteers, native military police, and carriers. The upper illustration to the right shows five British commanding officers with the Rhodesian advancing column. — The two lower illustrations are from the Austrian Isonzo front; scenes inside the great fortress of Gorizia (barring the way to Trieste) which the Italians are continually bombarding. Not one in ten of 3000 houses of Gorizia remains standing; yet most of the inhabitants, 10,000 in number, shelter among the ruins.

THE LAST GERMAN GARRISON IN CAMEROON: THE FALL OF MORA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



THE DISARMAMENT OF THE ENEMY: RIFLES AND SIDE-ARMS BEING LAID DOWN IN A VALLEY BETWEEN THE LINES.



VICTORS AND VANQUISHED: MEN OF THE BRITISH NIGERIA REGIMENT; WITH SOME OF THEIR GERMAN PRISONERS.



THE TRANSFER OF CAPTURED WAR MATÉRIEL: TAKING OVER THE SURRENDERED RIFLES, AMMUNITION, AND MACHINE-GUNS OF THE GARRISON AFTER THE CAPITULATION.



ON THE GERMANS HOISTING THE SURRENDER FLAG: A NIGERIAN SOLDIER IN THE BRITISH ADVANCED POSITION ANSWERING WITH A TRUCE FLAG.



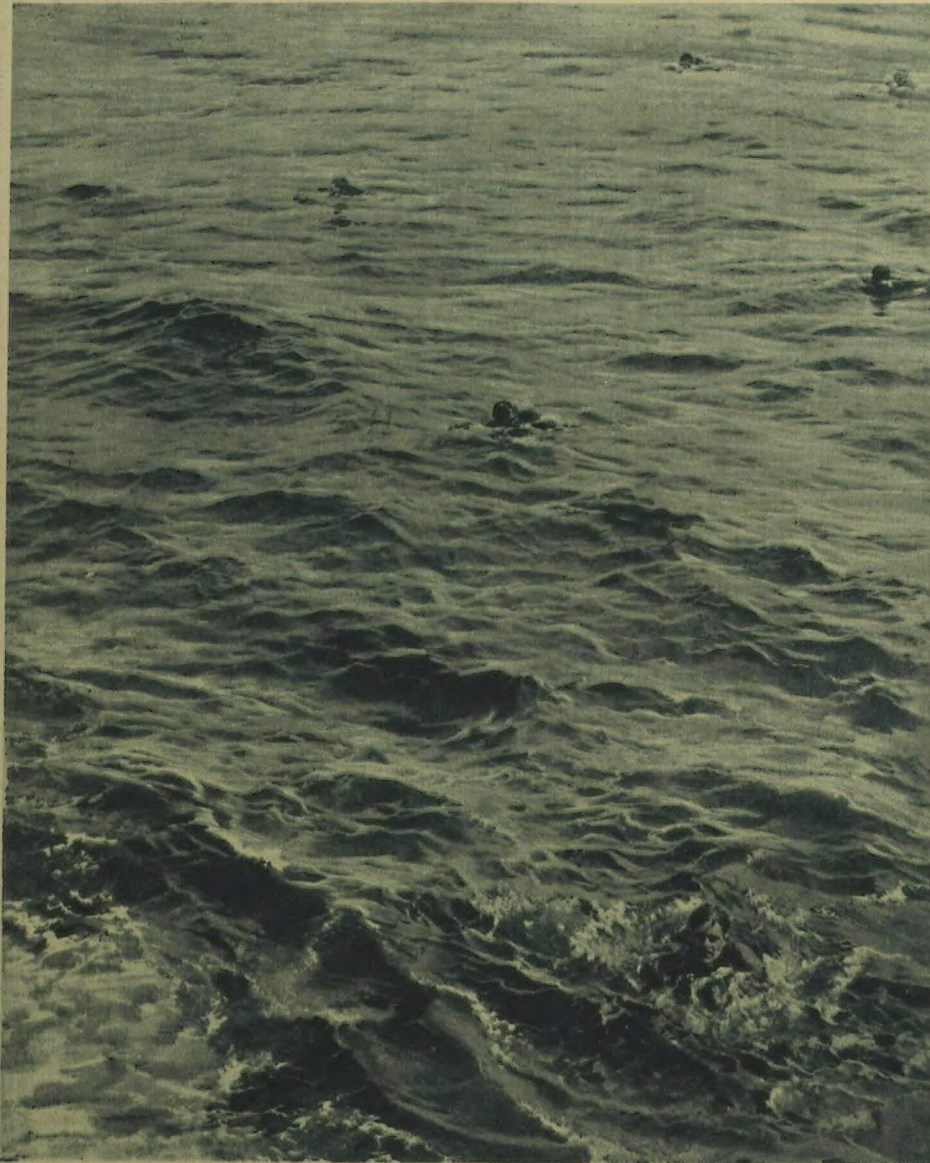
THE FINAL DISCUSSION AS TO TERMS TAKING PLACE: THE BRITISH COMMANDANT AND THE GERMAN SENIOR OFFICER (CENTRE).

These photographs, which have just reached England from far up-country in one of the wildest parts of the interior of the Cameroon, record the closing scene of the final act of the campaign which transferred the principal German West African colony to the Allies. The fortified hill of Mora, in the extreme north of the German territory, was the last place where the enemy's flag flew. Held as it was by some German native troops under three or four European officers, and occupying a practically impregnable position on the top of a steep hill, the Allied commanders did not consider its capture by storming worth the loss of life that such an attack would necessarily have entailed. Once the enemy

were driven south, the garrison of Mora, held in check and blockaded by a small force of British Nigerian troops, could do nothing, except wait where they were until famine compelled them to surrender. They held out, isolated but hoping for relief in time, until a week after the main German forces had been forced to take refuge in Spanish Guinea, where they were disarmed and interned. That completed the conquest of the colony, and on the news of the flight of the German Governor being communicated to the garrison of Mora, its commandant surrendered—the last of the enemy's forces on that side of the African continent to lay down arms.

THE NAVY'S WAY WITH ZEPPELINS: "L 7" MEN SAVED BY A SUBMARINE THAT "FINISHED" HER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THEIR ONLY HOPE—THE BRITISH NAVY'S HUMANITY: ZEPPELIN MEN SWIMMING TO OUR SUBMARINE.

The Navy has been very successful of late in dealing with Zeppelins. The destruction of two by naval gun-fire was announced by the Admiralty on the same day (May 5), one being brought down at Salonika, the other in the North Sea, off the German coast. With regard to the latter, the first official statement said: "A Zeppelin was destroyed yesterday by one of our light-cruiser squadrons off the Schleswig coast." Later on the same day it was announced: "The Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, has reported that the ships which destroyed the Zeppelin yesterday were H.M.S. 'Galatea' (Commodore E. S. Alexander-Sinclair, M.V.O., A.D.C.); and H.M.S. 'Phaeton' (Captain J. E. Cameron, R.N., M.V.O.). The Zeppelin was apparently employed on scouting duty when she was destroyed by the gun-fire of these two vessels." A new and interesting feature of

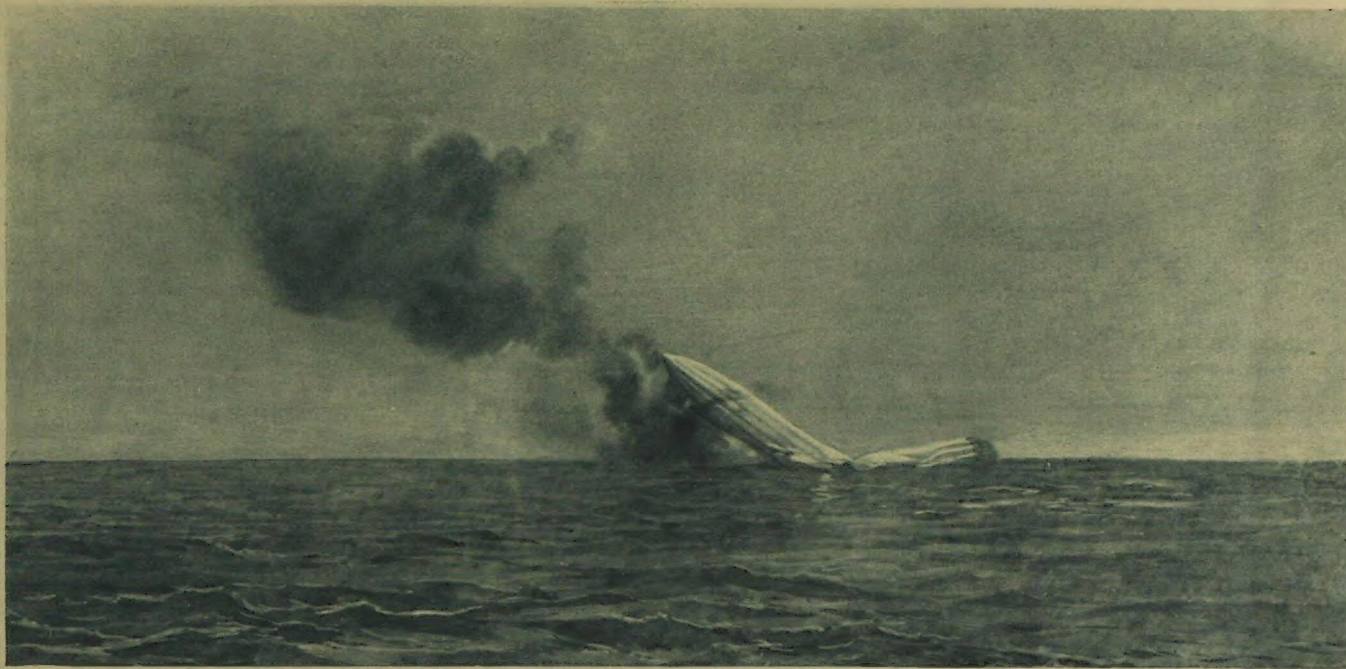


RESCUED BY THE NAVY: GERMANS FROM THE "L 7" HAULED ABOARD A BRITISH SUBMARINE.

the action was made known two days afterwards, when the Admiralty announced: "A more detailed report has now been received of the destruction of Zeppelin 'L 7.' It now appears that, though severely damaged by H.M. ships 'Galatea' and 'Phaeton,' her destruction was completed by a British submarine commanded by Lieut.-Commander F. Fellman, R.N., which rescued seven of the Zeppelin's crew and has returned with them. She was attacked and slightly injured by a German cruiser on her return journey." The rescued Germans shook hands in gratitude with their humane captors on being hauled aboard the submarine. It is said that more of the Zeppelin's crew might have been saved had not the rescuers been fired upon while engaged in their work of mercy.

FINALLY DESTROYED BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE: THE END OF THE "L 7."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



SEVERELY DAMAGED BY BRITISH LIGHT CRUISERS AND FINALLY DESTROYED BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE: ZEPPELIN "L 7," WRECKED AND ON FIRE IN THE NORTH SEA.



"THE AIRSHIP 'L 7' HAS NOT RETURNED": THE END OF THE ZEPPELIN DESTROYED OFF SCHLESWIG—THE SMOKE OF THE FINAL EXPLOSION.

The German Admiralty, says Reuter's Agency, issued the following announcement on May 7: "The airship 'L 7' has not returned from a reconnoitring flight. According to an official statement by the British Admiralty, the airship was destroyed on Thursday in the North Sea by the British naval forces." Another Reuter message from Copenhagen said that the destruction of the Zeppelin was plainly seen from Horns Reef, on the west coast of Denmark. It was near that place, according to this account, that the airship

was observed to have been hit by the British gun-fire. Flames were seen issuing from the Zeppelin, and it was driven by the wind in an easterly direction, until it eventually dropped into the sea off Blaavandshuk. This is a point on the south-west coast of Denmark not far from the Schleswig border. As mentioned on the opposite page, the destruction of the airship was completed by a British submarine, after it had been severely damaged by two British light cruisers, the "Phaeton" and the "Galatea."

RUSSIANS WELCOMED IN PERSIA: ALLIED FLAGS REHOISTED AT ISPAHAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "SONOROUS."



THE UNION JACK FLIES ONCE MORE OVER THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ISPAHAN: A GROUP AT THE CEREMONY (SHOWING THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL FIFTH FROM THE RIGHT IN FRONT).



RESTORER OF ORDER IN CENTRAL PERSIA: THE COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS AT ISPAHAN.



WITH A RUSSIAN SENTRY POSTED ON THE TOP, AS ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL APPROACHES TO THE CITY: KHAJOO BRIDGE, ISPAHAN.



TROOPS OF OUR GALLANT ALLIES IN PERSIA'S FORMER CAPITAL: A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT ISPAHAN.



AT THE REHOISTING OF THE RUSSIAN FLAG IN ISPAHAN AFTER THE ENTRY OF RUSSIAN TROOPS ON MARCH 19: A GROUP AT THE CEREMONY.

Ispahan, a city of gardens and bridges, the ancient capital of Persia, was entered by Russian troops on March 19, and the Russian and British flags, which had been lowered since September 14 last, were hoisted again with due ceremony over the Consulates. An official Russian communiqué of March 22 said: "After a fight, we occupied the town of Ispahan, whose population, exhausted by the looting carried on by the Germans and their mercenaries, welcomed us with enthusiasm. The Persian Governor-General and authorities, who had previously fled and taken refuge with us, returned to Ispahan with our force." The Russians had advanced on Ispahan from the north, and when they reached Kashan, sixty miles away, the German Chargé d'Affaires in Ispahan decamped.

The city marks the northern limit of the British sphere of influence in Persia, and our trade interests there are considerable. Last autumn several outrages were perpetrated against British residents in Southern Persia. On September 1 the British Consul-General at Ispahan, Mr. T. G. Grahame, when out riding with an escort, was shot at and wounded, and his Indian orderly was killed. On the 7th the British Vice-Consul at Shiraz was shot, and died the next day. On September 12, Reuter's agent at Teheran cabled: "A message from Ispahan states that the British and Russian colonies have been obliged to leave there. The Russian Consul, with French and British missionary ladies, has left for Teheran. The British Consuls and Bank staff leave on the 14th."

IN THE TRENTINO: A GUN-BOAT BOMBARDMENT ON LAKE GARDA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE ITALIAN FRONT BY JULIUS M. PRICE.



WHERE ITALY'S LAKE FLOTILLA WON AND HAS KEPT THE "COMMAND OF THE SEA": SHELLING THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES TO ASSIST THE ARMY IN THE TRENTINO.

For many years before the war, both Italy and Austria maintained flotillas of small gun-boats on Lake Garda. The frontier line between the Austrian Trentino and Italian territory crosses the northern part of the lake—in the neighbourhood of which the action shown in progress (from on board an Italian gun-boat) took place. The frontier line runs just about where a single shell is seen bursting in the air in the background to the extreme right where there is a deep cleft between two rocky masses along the shore. The gun-boat flotillas came into conflict immediately after the Italians declared war, with

the result that the Austrians were defeated and driven to take refuge in port, at Riva, at the extreme north end of the lake. Since then, to the present time, the Italian vessels have been incessantly occupied in bombarding the Austrian shore and mountain-top batteries and hillside trenches. It has been risky work, for not only is the lake very stormy, but its northern end has been extensively mined by the Austrians. The gun-boats are materially assisting the land operations of the Army in the Trentino along the north-eastern side of Lake Garda.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAPTURING GERMAN "NEWS" DESIGNED TO UNDERMINE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL



THE TAKING OF THE PLACARDS: MUNSTER FUSILIERS CROSS "NO-MAN'S LAND" BY NIGHT, AND KUT PLACED

The German attempt to tamper with the allegiance of Irish troops at the front was a miserable failure. Soon after the trouble in Ireland, the German in trenches opposite the Munster Fusiliers put up on their parapets two placards. One stated (we follow the Freeman's spelling): "Irishmen! Heavy fighting in Ireland! English guns are firing at your wives and children! on May 1916." The other ran as follows: "Interesting War News of April 29, 1916. Kut at Amara has been taken in by the Turks and the whole English army therein—13,000 men—taken prisoners." The Irishmen at once replied by singing "Rule, Britannia!" and other patriotic airs; but this was not all. That night a party of 25 men and 3 officers of the Munsters crept towards the German trenches. When they were half-way across the "No-Man's Land" between the lines, they were discovered by the enemy's searchlights, and machine-guns were turned on them. Though some of them were badly wounded, they all lay still for hours, and then those who were unhurt gradually crept on towards the

THEIR ALLEGIANCE: IRISH ANSWERING ENEMY TAUNTS.

SUPPLIED BY ONE PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



CHARGE TO THE GERMAN TRENCHES, AND CAPTURE "NEWS" NOTICES AS TO IRELAND THERE BY THE ENEMY.

German lines, cut the wires, and suddenly stormed up the German parapets, and hurled bombs into the trenches. The enemy were taken by surprise, thinking that our men had been destroyed or driven back by the machine-gun fire, and failed from the trench. The pillbox Munsters seized the enormous placards, and bore them back in triumph. The boards, which had already been pitted with Irish bullets, have since been brought to London. The machine-gun emplacements, shown on the left in the drawing, had a blinged wooden flap in front of it. In the background is shown the beam of a German searchlight and, on the right, a German star-shell illuminating the scene. A few days before, it may be recalled, on the very night of the Sinn Féin outbreak, an Irish Division had repulsed three German gas attacks near Halluin. "It was Ireland's answer," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "to Germany's pistol in Dublin."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

WITH THE BRITISH NAVY IN MID-AFRICA: THE "JULES VERNE" JOURNEY OF THE "MIMI" AND THE "TOU-TOU."

DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG, FROM SKETCHES BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.



TREKKING WITH MOTOR-BOATS TO DEFEAT THE GERMANS ON LAKE TANGANYIKA: BY TRAIN AND TRACTION-ENGINE AND BULLOCK-TEAM, BY RIVER AND SEA.

Outside the pages of Jules Verne, whose stories are, after all, only highly imaginative fiction, there is surely no tale of romantic adventure in print to compare with the incidents of the extraordinary war-episode of the Naval Brigade Expedition, with the two armed motor-boats, "Mimi" and "Tou-Tou," half-way across Africa from south to north to Lake Tanganyika, on the flank of the German East African colony. In a previous issue (May 20) we gave three pages of photographs of incidents of the wonderful exploit, together with the details of the overland "cruise." Here we supplement the photographs with a set of drawings, from sketches by a member of the expedition, yet further emphasizing the wonderful romance of the campaign. From the Thames to the railhead of the Northern Rhodesia Railway from Cape Town, the land part of the route lay through British territory. Thence a road had to be hacked by axe-men through dense tropical forests to a mid-African river, the Louaba, down which the

motor-boats journeyed to a railway in the district beside Tanganyika, which carried them to the shore of the lake. Ravines and rivers had to be strongly bridged, marsh tracks made firm, a water-supply assured. Arrived at the lake, within two days the German gun-boat "Kingani" was captured. Six weeks later the German flag-ship "Von Wissmann" was sunk. One of the most difficult parts of the road is shown in the centre illustration. A steep ascent to the ridge of a plateau 6000 feet above sea-level had to be made. In places the traction-engines the expedition brought with them were able to drag the boats on their carriages up the gradient (as seen in the illustration to right of the centre), but elsewhere among forest trees the boats had to be hauled up by ox-teams. Only a short distance at a time could be so negotiated, the block and tackle being made last first round one tree; then, as that point was climbed, round another higher up.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

CAMERA TESTIMONY TO THE ERZERUM "MIRACLE": NEW PHOTOGRAPHS.



WHERE RUSSIAN TROOPS SLID DOWN FROZEN SLOPES: THE CHASSEURS OF THE CAUCASUS DESCENDING FROM THE KARGABAZAR RIDGE TO ATTACK ERZERUM.



RUSSIANS ON GROUND REGARDED AS INACCESSIBLE: THE STAFF OF THE 4TH DIVISION OF CHASSEURS OF THE CAUCASUS ENCAMPED ON THE KARGABAZAR PLATEAU.

These new photographs of the fall of Erzerum, which have only just come to hand, confirm the great achievement of the Russians in advancing to the attack over trackless and snow-clad mountains in the depths of winter. Our readers will recall that we have already illustrated the subject in drawings by our artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright, in our issues of April 1 and 8, and his account is now corroborated by the camera. The Tiflis correspondent of a Moscow paper, the "Russkoye Slovo" writes: "The whole region south of Erzerum is covered with mountains, which rise to a height of 10,000 ft.,

and there is a complete absence of roads. Thinking this region impassable to any important force, the Turkish staff had entrusted its defence chiefly to Kurds. . . . Believing in the inaccessibility of Kargabazar, the Turks had even set no sentinels there, but . . . the 'inaccessible' slopes of Kargabazar proved accessible to the Russian soldiers. In the night of January 26, the bold ascent of Kargabazar began, and the Russian troops succeeded in reaching the summit in face of a blinding snowstorm and intense cold. By a kind of miracle (the whole storming of Erzerum was a miracle).

[Continued opposite.]

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FALL OF ERZERUM: THE TOWN AND ITS CAPTOR.



WITH THE FIRES STARTED BY THE TURKS BEFORE THEY LEFT STILL BURNING: ERZERUM FROM THE CITADEL, THE DAY AFTER THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY OF THE CAUCASUS: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS REVIEWING HIS TROOPS AFTER THE FALL OF ERZERUM.

Continued.
they even dragged up, not mountain-guns, but field-guns! . . . It was on the night of February 11 that the order was given to advance from Kargabazar and to attack the heights between Tafta and Karagubek. We advanced in three columns, the men moving in file along the snow trenches, dragging the guns and machine-guns. The attack was timed for the following morning. Reaching the edge of the plateau, our men slid down the slope amid cries of 'To Erzerum!' . . . At eight on the morning of February 15 the men on the mountain of Kargabazar saw an enormous column of smoke rising above

Erzerum—the commencement of the explosions caused by the Turks. We got Erzerum nearly intact." In the upper photograph on the left-hand page are seen, in the background, the slopes down which the Russians slid from the Kargabazar ridge. Half-way down, in the centre, may be distinguished three little groups showing dark against the snow, just to the right of the slanting track. They are Russian artillerymen sliding their guns down the hill-side. The lower photograph was taken after the fall of Erzerum and before the capture of Trebizond.

THE BUILDING OF THE
AN ARCHITECTURAL WORKTHE SETTING UP OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEVEN AT CONSTANTINOPLE:
JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIOUS OF TRALLAS & ISIDORE OF MILETUSBEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS, IN 1453,
& THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

POULTRY AND OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

TILL the stern realities of war necessitated a kind of national stock-taking, few of us, probably, realised how dependent we were on outside sources for our food supply. It seems incredible, for example, that we should import some 2,580,000,000 eggs annually, representing an export of gold to the value of £9,000,000.

It is now suggested, and that suggestion should be very seriously considered, that we should endeavour at least to reduce this enormous importation by home-grown produce. The Zoological Society of London has lent its aid to this project, and it is now showing how, on the "intensive system," this may be done. Even the dwellers in cities may take a part in this task.

The "intensive system" of poultry-keeping is really no new thing, for it is but a glorification of the back-yard hen-house. Indeed, the birds are now often kept within an even smaller compass than is the practice in the more primitive system: nevertheless, a far greater yield results. And this because method now supplants "rule of thumb": method in the choice of stock, method in housing, and method in feeding.

Briefly, by the "intensive system" is meant the keeping of fowls in close confinement under conditions which ensure that they shall, nevertheless, take plenty of exercise. The size of the compound in which they are kept varies from that of, say, a large packing-case containing half-a-dozen birds to that of a small shed accommodating five times that number. The food in each case is scattered over the floor, and is to be found only by diligent search and much scraping amid a thick layer of straw and sand; while green food is suspended well above the floor, so that it can only be obtained by stretching. Once a day, just before roosting time, a big meal of soft food is given in a trough. Of course, under such conditions, unless scrupulous cleanliness is maintained, disaster soon arrives. But with due attention to sanitation, and with a well-chosen site for the house, the birds thrive.

Though "cabin'd, cribb'd, and confin'd" in this way, if due care is given to sanitation and to the site of the house—a very important matter—the captives not only keep uncommonly "fit," but they produce a larger number of eggs than is the case with ordinary farm-yard fowls which have full liberty. That this is so is partly explained by the fact that the birds thus kept are, to begin with, of breeds which, by artificial selection, have become abnormally prolific. To such a pass, indeed, has this process been carried that some of these breeds have lost the natural parental instincts, the female failing to become "broody," though laying fertile eggs—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the females have lost the stimulants to broodiness. Anyhow, such races are dependent for

per day without stopping for seventy days. Another case is that of a Sussex pullet which began laying on Nov. 19, and laid continuously and daily from that day to July 10, save for a break of five days. But even when average birds of these prolific breeds are taken, the number of eggs produced is prodigious. Take, for example, the records of the "Greenfields Nine-Months Utility Poultry Competition, 1915-16." For the five months from Nov. 1 to March 31, 600 birds on one farm laid 38,245 eggs! During the month of March 1916 these birds laid 11,328 eggs. Another record is that of 398 birds, also of Mr. McBradley's poultry farm at Greenfields, which laid 56,489 eggs in 273 days. With birds of this quality, in a relatively short time, it is easy to see that we could supply all the eggs we require without importation from abroad. And, besides, we should enormously increase our flesh food, since the most prolific layers are exhausted in about two years, and are then available as food; while a large number of birds would be sent to market which were not egg-producers.

Success depends on a careful regard to many factors, and among these is the choice of breeds, for some will thrive where others would fail—that is to say, local conditions have to be taken into consideration. Breeds which lay white-shelled eggs are commonly bad sitters, and this is true of some of the brown-egg layers, such as the Orpingtons, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, and Sussex.

Lately, the claims of some of the lighter breeds of ducks have been strongly urged on the consideration of the poultry-farmer. It is contended that they are less affected by our cold, wet winters, are more easily fed and housed, and are more prolific; while their egg-producing powers last for several years instead of being exhausted in two. Finally, they mature for market more quickly.

But those who require detailed instructions on this theme should go to the Zoological Gardens and inspect the pens now on view there. Enough has been said here to show that poultry-farming can be made to pay its way if properly managed—a fact which will prove welcome news to many of those "broke in our wars."

W. P. PYCRAFT.

OBTAINING A WATER-SUPPLY FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA: MEN PUMPING
WATER FROM A RIVER INTO CAMP WATER-CARTS.

Photograph by C.N.

their continued existence either on the incubator or less degenerate deputies. Another curious feature is that, with the decay of the maternal temperament, these birds have assumed, to a great extent, the similitude of males, inasmuch as they too have large combs, which is not the case with hens that are good "sitters."

Even among these prolific breeds there are record-breakers. One of these was a hen which laid an egg

THE "ZOO" SHOWS HOW OUR HUGE IMPORTS OF EGGS MAY BE REDUCED BY HOME
PRODUCTION: AN INTENSIVE POULTRY-HOUSE TO HOLD TWENTY LAYING HENS.SHOWING PROLIFIC HENS WHICH HAVE DEVELOPED "COMBS": A SMALL INTENSIVE
POULTRY-HOUSE FOR SIX LAYING HENS.

Copyright Photographs by D. Sedg-Smith.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAIN, LAVAYETTE, VANDYK, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS.



CAPTAIN L. A. G. FERGUSON,
Royal Scots. Son of late Rev. J.
G. Ferguson, Innerleithen, Peebles.
Gazetted Captain at 18.



CAPTAIN WILFRED B. BIRT,
East Surrey Regt. Wounded and
prisoner at Loos. Since died.
Buried with military honours.



CAPTAIN GERALD V. T. WEBB,
Hampshire Regiment. Killed at
Krichia the day after he was
gazetted Captain.



CAPT. ARTHUR J. SANDERS,
York and Lancaster Regt. Son of
late Judge Sanders, Ceylon Civil
Service, and Mrs. Sanders.



CAPTAIN F. E. GANE,
Canadian Infantry. Gazetted to
Canadian Imperial Force, May
1915. Recently given captaincy.



LIEUT.-COM. LANCELOT P.
FREYBERG, R.N.,
Younger son of Major and
Mrs. Herbert F. Freyberg
Cromwell Place and Felix
stowe. Entered Navy in 1900



BRIGADIER-GEN. F. J.
HEYWORTH, C.B., D.S.O.
Scots Guards. Was A.D.C.
at the Curragh, 1890-91, and
Dublin District until 1895.



MAJOR A. A. CRAVEN
NELSON,
Royal Scots. Son of late Sir
A. A. C. Nelson. Awarded
D.S.O. and King's and Queen's
medals, South African War.



LT.-COL. CHARLES
ALBERT MADGE.
South African Im-
perial Force. Fought
with distinction in S.
Africa. Son of late
Henry M. Madge,
M.D., of Wimpole St.



LT.-COL. W. R.
MARSHALL, D.S.O.,
Canadian Infantry,
Imperial Force. Has
been officially reported
killed in action. Was
awarded the Distin-
guished Service Order.



MAJOR LORD GEORGE STEWART-
MURRAY,
Black Watch. Son of the Duke of Atholl.
Fought in South African War.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. B. KIRK,
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Fought in South
African War; awarded King's and Queen's medals;
mentioned in despatches.



MAJOR J. H. HOPE,
Highland L.L. Son of Mr. J. Edward Hope,
Mid-Lothian. Twice wounded; mentioned
twice in despatches; Legion of Honour.



CAPTAIN IAN ROSS,
King's Liverpool Regt. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. John Ross, Alexandria. Killed
while rescuing a wounded officer.



CAPTAIN ANSON NORTHEY,
Essex Regt. Son of Capt. Northey,
Cheney Court, Wilts. Reported
missing; now presumed killed



CAPTAIN EDWARD FLEETWOOD
BERRY,
Gurkha Rifles. Son of Rev. J. Fleet-
wood Berry, Rector of Galway.



CAPTAIN RONALD OWEN
LAGDEN,
K.R.R. Son of Sir Godfrey Lagden,
A Harrow miser.



CAPTAIN C. A. WERNER,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. L. P.
Werner, Harrow. * One-time Pres
Cambridge Univ. Swimming Club.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Interior." A worldly young woman named Muriel Wilmington-Cartwright had been engaged to Lionel Warde, heir-presumptive to his uncle the Earl of Mountshields, until the elderly relative in question



WITH THE BRITISH IN FRANCE: A 60-POUNDER IN THE ACT OF BEING FIRED.
Official Photograph; issued by the Press Bureau.

espoused a young actress and had issue, as the peerages say Lionel Warde (whom the author, for reasons inexplicable to us, designates as "the Honourable") was no prize when he was seen to be only a penniless pearl-fisher in the tropical islands of Northern Australia. The ambitious Muriel wrote him a letter to say so, and married Sir Julian Wright, the Sardine King, instead. Nothing, of course, could better have assured the extinction of both the old Earl and his infant heir, and the early widowhood of the false fair one, who took ship to Australia to learn in chagrin that a more worthy girl had replaced her in Lionel's affections. So much for the plot of "The Interior" (Ward, Lock). The charm of the book is not to be found in its rather silly story, but in a knack possessed by Mr. (or is it Miss?) Lindsay Russell of drawing simple and pleasant persons much more skilfully than nasty ones. He boggles over Muriel and her odious mother; but he is quite at his ease with the unsophisticated people of the island, and Jane, the storekeeper's daughter, is a delightful little portrait. Besides, it is refreshing to be taken to a pearling station, so far away from cold,

grey England, and so truly an outpost on her far-flung frontier line.

"A Cathedral Singer."

Mr. James Lane Allen has lavished his gentle art on a mother's tragedy in "A Cathedral Singer" (Macmillan), and the little book stands as a tiny gem in our ephemeral fiction. The tragedy is not one of the great host innumerable with which we in this country are only too well acquainted just now: it has nothing to do with the great war, but it is still the story of the sacrifice of a young life—

Others bring much, but these had most to bring—

All hopes, all dreams, life left an unrun race . . .

The boy was the child of a poor Southern gentlewoman, and mother and son were cast up on the rocks and shoals of New York. He sold papers in the street, and she posed as a model in an art-school, to provide her son with the music that he loved. They lived under the shadow of the cathedral—under the shadow, too, of a great hospital, the cathedral of suffering. A chance encounter with the choir-master brought the boy within reach of his coveted goal, a choir-boy's office in the cathedral; but before he could enjoy it the hospital doctor's car

drove over him in the street and crushed the life out of him. That is the slender theme used by Mr. Allen to adorn with his own devices of spiritual consolation and counsel. They may be fanciful, and we believe the art-master who lectures as his creation lectures has yet to be born; but they glow with a fine idealism and a fine appreciation of the higher aims of humanity. "A Cathedral Singer" will bring an uplifting message to many sad and heart-sick people, for it is a brave little story.

"Making Money."

the times on this side of the Atlantic. Its awful examples and its culminating tragedy are entirely foreign to our country in the present year of grace. Our young men are not jostling each other in a frenzied

"Making Money"

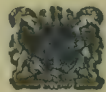
(Martin Secker) is a tract for the times; but not, be it understood, of this side of the Atlantic. Its awful examples and its culminating tragedy are entirely foreign to our country in the present year of grace. Our young men are not jostling each other in a frenzied

race to get rich quick at this moment, and the object of their respect and admiration (if any) is unlikely to be a financier with predatory instincts, whose crowning achievement is rigging the market in railway shares. We can perhaps all the more clearly sympathise with the sincerity of Mr. Owen Johnson, who has written a moving book on the moral and monetary pitfalls of Wall Street. His fresh young man arrives in New York, to meet "Making money?" as the greeting on his contemporaries' lips, and soon to be sucked into Drake the financier's sphere of influence, and to find himself, to his own palpitating amazement, making unearned money with the rest. It is a demoralising beginning for the youth, and before he knows whither temptation has led him he is involved in a whirlpool of double-dealing and broken faith, and sees at least one of his friends go under through his instrumentality. The most curious thing about the book is, to our mind, the attitude of his father, who, animated by the best motives, writes him a cheque for 50,000 dollars and sets him adrift in New



WITH THE BRITISH IN FRANCE: A HEAVY HOWITZER IN ACTION.
Official Photograph; issued by the Press Bureau.

York, without a hint of guidance, to make his experiences. Were the dangers of the great city so little known, then, to the neighbouring townsmen? But, of course, his inexplicable recklessness with his son's future provides the starting-point for Mr. Johnson's dramatic story.



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Nourishes.
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For children who are naturally delicate, or who are inclined to out-grow their strength.

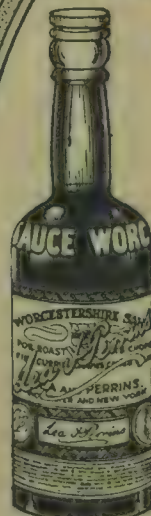
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Children like it.

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Economical War-time Dishes.



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Signature thus:—

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in white across
the red label on
every bottle.

The original and genuine
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Plain, inexpensive fare, such as Cold Meat, Made Dishes, &c., can be rendered pleasing and appetizing by the addition of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

Owing to the **QUALITY** and concentration of its ingredients, a little of this sauce goes a long way and it is therefore most **ECONOMICAL** in use.



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In this peculiar race the one who is last wins. Pack your pipe with Bond of Union and time it against another man or other men smoking a different mixture.

Start together, and if the pipes are fairly the same size you will find your pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as the ordinary mixtures of your competitors.

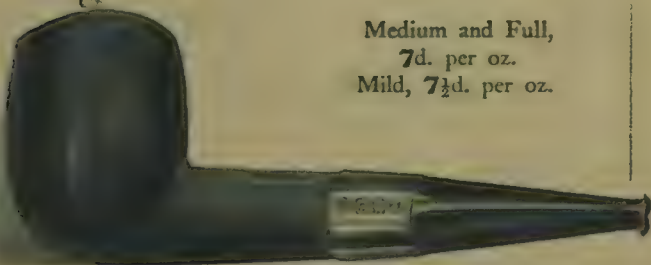
This means you will not only save baccy money, but you will get more enjoyment from the cool, slow smoking of your pipe and the perfect development of the flavour.

Bond of Union is composed of certain choice leaves which give an essentially cool, slow smoke. And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out the individual flavour.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of Disraeli.

Sympathy is felt with Disraeli while reading the fourth volume of his biography, "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by George Earle Buckle, in succession to W. H. Monypenny (John Murray). The man himself, the devoted husband, the courtier, the patient Parliamentary leader, the politician with great ideals, the faithful colleague, the strange, magnetic personality, is presented vividly before us; and while Mr. Buckle is not an indiscriminating eulogist, but is frank and faithful as a biographer, his story enables the reader to appreciate better than before the difficulties which Disraeli encountered in reconstructing and educating the Tory party and trying to secure a majority which would enable him to translate his ideas into action. There was for some years distrust of him at Court, although in course of time he won a unique place in the esteem and confidence of the Sovereign; there were difficulties in his relationship with his chief, Lord Derby, who was much less zealous and anxious for power; there was the dislike felt for him by a section of his own party in Parliament, and there was the haughty jealousy of the aristocracy. During most of the years covered by the new volume, 1855-1868, Disraeli was in opposition, and when he led the House of Commons he did so as head of a party in a minority: a position which, he said, he would not recommend to any man who had regard for his nervous system. His attempts to secure the co-operation of Gladstone and of Palmerston with Lord Derby met with rebuffs, and the Tories were suspicious of his advances to the Radicals. Many of the Tories, indeed, were content to keep Palmerston in office, and thus, as Mr. Buckle remarks, Disraeli was obliged to spend some of the best years of his life in leading an Opposition which did not seriously oppose. One of the most interesting points brought out in the new volume is that it was not Disraeli who took the initial part in promoting the Reform settlement of 1867. The credit for first recognising that the time had come for a real settlement is due, we are told, primarily to the Queen, and next to Lord Derby. Disraeli was reluctant to take this line. In view of the defeat of the Liberal Government on the

question, he was indisposed at first to admit the necessity for the Conservatives to introduce Parliamentary reform. When, however, he did finally acknowledge that decisive action was necessary, "he was prompt, in conjunction with Derby, in sweeping aside temporary expedients and founding himself upon an abiding principle." Thus, Household Suffrage was introduced. Lord Derby admitted publicly that the Tories were "taking a leap in the dark"; and claimed that they had "dished the Whigs." He forgot Gladstone. The final chapter deals with Disraeli's succession to Derby as Prime Minister. His letters from Osborne, where he was assured of the cordial support of

but the note of the volume is struck by the name of the magazine we mention. Sometimes Mr. Pound blasts lightly; sometimes heavily. His book is a challenge, rather than a confidence. "If the accursed Germans succeed in damaging Gaudier-Brzeska"—here Mr. Pound is quoting an article he wrote before the sculptor's death—"they will have done more harm to art than they have by the destruction of Rheims Cathedral"—that is one of innumerable challenges to a public he knows full well will be puzzled, to say the least, by the illustrations of Gaudier's work accompanying the text. "No, acrimonious reader, do not seize that last clause by itself; let me explain what I mean," is one of Mr. Pound's ways of ranging himself in opposition to his audience. He takes it for granted that he is not as they. Probably he is right, but there is something a little inconsistent in writing a book and publishing it if the ordinary reader is to be impressed with the fact that he is unfit to turn its pages. Having so far compromised, by ordinary publication, his exceptional standing, Mr. Ezra Pound might have gone one step further and attempted to get on to terms with his public. But it seems he is widely misunderstood. When he reads statements in the Press "to the effect that Gaudier was not a Vorticist, or that I am not a Vorticist, I am compelled to think that the writers of such statements must have read into the term 'Vorticism' some meaning which is not warranted by our meaning and our definitions." Among Gaudier's own definitions we find: "The soil was hard, material difficult to win from Nature, storms frequent, as also fevers and other epidemics. They got frightened: This is the Vortex of Fear; its mass is the Pointed Cone, its masterpieces [are] the fetishes." And, further: "And we the moderns: Epstein, Brancusi, Archipenko, Duniowski, Modigliani, and myself, through the incessant struggle in the complex city, have likewise to spend much energy. . . . We have crystallised the sphere into the cube." And, again, "Our sculpture has no relation to classic Greek, but is continuing the tradition of the barbaric peoples of the earth, for whom we have sympathy and admiration." The difficulty is to reconcile Gaudier-Brzeska's creed, his stone imps, his fetish, with his willingness to die in fighting a nation we judge to have lapsed into a state of cruel barbarism.



WITH OUR ALLY, RUSSIA: MUSIC IN CAMP.

Photograph by Shubsky-Kershoff.

the Queen, showed that he was "frankly and unaffectedly happy." But the final sentence of the volume prepares us for the bold, dramatic stroke by which he was overthrown by his great rival.

Gaudier-Brzeska. Mr. Ezra Pound's book about his friend, "Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir" (John Lane), is introduced by what he calls a "Præfatio," and begins with the notice of the sculptor's death in the field, quoted from *Blast* for July 1915. Later come some extraordinarily interesting letters from the front;

WE the moderns: Epstein, Brancusi, Archipenko, Duniowski, Modigliani, and myself, through the incessant struggle in the complex city, have likewise to spend much energy. . . . We have crystallised the sphere into the cube." And, again, "Our sculpture has no relation to classic Greek, but is continuing the tradition of the barbaric peoples of the earth, for whom we have sympathy and admiration." The difficulty is to reconcile Gaudier-Brzeska's creed, his stone imps, his fetish, with his willingness to die in fighting a nation we judge to have lapsed into a state of cruel barbarism.

Next to Nature's Food

Sir Thomas Barlow,
K.C.V.O., D.Sc., LL.D.

stated before the Local Government Board that "Certain maladies were introduced by sterilization. It was well known that children fed upon sterilized milk developed scurvy and rickets."

Sir Lauder Brunton,
M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

has stated: "There was a consensus of opinion that in the long run sterilized milk was injurious to children, although at first it might seem to do good."

L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

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Let every mother, every guardian of babyhood, remember that nothing equals *fresh cow's milk* as the basis of a hand-fed baby's diet.

Dried milk, condensed milk, sterilised milk, peptonised milk are all condemned as being mischievous. Read the opinions of Sir Thomas Barlow and Sir Lauder Brunton.

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NO MORE BEARDED WOMEN.

HOW TO AVOID THE PAIN AND DANGER OF THE CRUEL ELECTRIC NEEDLE BY USING THIS SIMPLE NEW ABSORPTION PROCESS, WHICH KILLS AND DISSOLVES OUT THE HAIR, ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of *Illustrated London News* readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a Harmless New Process which Permanently Removed her Hairy Mask after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair-growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained

and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who use this process which has so dead an effect upon the hair, that it must never be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 18), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to expire positively at the end of ten days.



Never submit to the needless torture of Electricity. Electricity is a waste of money. It does not remove hair, it only makes it grow thicker. The new process is a simple one, and the results are permanent. By following the few simple directions given in this Article you may avoid all risk, trouble, and heavy expense just as Miss Firmin did.

hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 18), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to expire positively at the end of ten days.

Pretty Girls Take Carter's

Imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver. A few days treatment with **Carter's Little Liver Pills** will do more to clear the skin and restore the bloom of perfect health to the cheeks than all beauty treatments.

You will even be better looking by taking Carter's.

They cure Constipation, unclog the liver, end indigestion—biliousness and dizziness.

Harmless and purely Vegetable.
The Ideal Laxative for Children.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

The **GENUINE** must bear signature



Brent Good



THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream. Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/4, 6/-; or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.

THE ROUGHEST CHANNEL ATLANTIC or other CROSSING

may be made in absolute comfort. MOTHERSILL'S will PREVENT and CURE SEA and TRAIN SICKNESS, or money refunded.

Testified by Royalty, Nobility, Clergy, Army, &c. Analysed by Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Pres. Soc. Public Analysts.

Mothersill Remedy Co., 19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.



Of all Chemists, in Boxes 2/6 & 5/-



Sir J.M. Barrie calls

Craven

"the only mixture in London deserving the *ADJECTIVE* **SUPERB**"—A
2 oz TIN COSTS 1/7

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Established 1847.

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The World's Greatest External Remedy

Equally effective for—
Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Weak Chests, Lumbago, Sciatica, Stiffness of Joints or Muscles, Sprains, &c.

When you need a Pill
TAKE A **Brandreth's Pill** (Est. 1752.)
Purely Vegetable.

For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Etc.
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

ALLCOCK MANUFACTURING CO. Birkenhead, New York, Liverpool.

LADIES' PAGE.

IT was a happy thought of Lord Meath's, when he devised "Empire Day" some years ago, to fix upon Queen Victoria's birthday for the date; for, by one of those coincidences that we call chance, it was under that great Queen that our Colonial Empire was built up and that India became formally a dependency of Britain; while it was under our still greater woman Sovereign, Elizabeth, that the foundations of our world-wide Empire were laid. It is an interesting fact also that Queen Elizabeth's birthday was kept by the nation as a holiday and day of rejoicing for long years after her death—there is record of it a century and a-half later. It fell at a propitious date—early in September—before summer had gone, as Victoria's day falls as summer arrives. Certainly there is room for teaching patriotism and pride of Empire to the children in the people's schools. Too many of them grow up to regard the State as merely something to be squeezed for their personal profit. By proper teaching of facts as to how the Empire was founded and how Britain's world-wide power has been used, children may learn to feel the spirit of Browning's lines in "Trafalgar Day": "Here and here did England help me—how can I help England, say?" Instead of being like the little girl taken to church for the first time, after the collection plate had passed her: "How much did you get, Auntie? I've got a sixpence," she whispered.

There is need of a good, simple, hearty, patriotic song for schools too. The pretty procession of children that I saw were singing "Auld Lang Syne"—not at all a song of youth, nor specially patriotic. The French have their "Marseillaise"; the Americans a very good ditty, beginning "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing"; and the Germans, we know, are well supplied. Our English and Scotch boys, when the war broke out, were reduced to the absurdity of marching through France declaring that the prettiest girl they knew was to be found in a little Irish town! By the way, we ought to adopt some emblematical colour for Ireland as a whole and as a factor in the British Empire, a colour which would symbolise all Irish loyalty to the Empire, without reference to religion or party. Perhaps all the Irish, of whatsoever faith, who value their common British citizenship, might unite on the pale-blue of the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick as their badge.

Though the Flower Show at the Horticultural Gardens brought together a large gathering of Society, headed by the Queen with Princess Mary, it was chiefly noticeable for the quietness and restraint of dress. The freak fashions of the newspapers were conspicuously absent. The Queen wore a simple grey coat and skirt. Her Majesty is setting a good example by wearing constantly the same toque—of leaves, with a few flowers for trimming. Skirts were worn about ankle-length, and only reasonably full. The loosely fitting one-piece or "coat-gown" had much success, and tulle is very generally employed for its construction, with a great admixture of transparent material at



A SMART WASHING FROCK.

Composed of a skirt of striped linen in beige, blue and dark brown, and a sleeveless bodice of Chinese blue linen. The collar and sleeves are of white organdy.

the corsage. Long coats and short ones barely below the waist are equally in vogue. Shantung coats are most popular—cool-looking, and going well with every coloured frock.

Sashes are much used, with long ends. A pretty sash round the waist of a coat or a basqued blouse is of narrow ribbon passing twice round—say, about two inches wide—tacked to keep it in place here and there, and ending in a number of loops of various lengths. The lightest and most delicate colours can be introduced on plain-coloured costumes by the aid of the sash and ends. Bead trimming is very fashionable both on millinery and frocks, and this again serves well to introduce colour. A plain linen or self-coloured muslin frock, with belt, cuffs, and throat ornament—revers or narrow band across, according to the design—in small, many-coloured bead embroidery, becomes distinguished. Sashes are also seen very wide, in soft ribbon, folded round the waist, but the long ends left full width; striped ribbons are good thus used. Buttons are another popular mode of decoration; a line of tiny buttons, for instance, set as close as possible to one another in a line down the corsage and the skirt, or groups of three or five larger ones, can give excellent effect.

Lady Denman and the society for bringing women into the work of food supply over which she presides are showing in various places the "intensive" methods and apparatus for poultry-keeping that make this work suitable even for flat roofs, and easily managed in small suburban back gardens. Though poultry-keeping and chicken-rearing on a large scale is an industry that rarely pays if pursued alone, and that experience shows can be most profitably conducted by working it in with other farming operations, it is far otherwise with domestic poultry culture on a small scale. The methods of Lady Denman's society produce most strikingly good results. Everybody who keeps back-garden fowls, however, ought to know that the experiments of the United States Agricultural Department have conclusively proved that a cock is a superfluity in the egg-producing fowl-house. Fertile eggs must, then, be bought for setting; but the hens will produce actually more eggs for eating when the noisy, neighbour-annoying chattering is not kept with them. Without his daylight-saving proclamations in the small hours, and with the hen-house kept irreproachably clean, fowls are no nuisance in a garden, even in crowded suburban districts. New-laid eggs, it seems, will remain expensive throughout this summer, owing to the cost of chicken food and of labour, and the demand for this ideal form of nourishment for convalescents, while our pre-war supplies from Denmark and Russia are not reaching us; so an increased home production is of urgent consequence, and appeals to women.

It is so much more necessary to have a pleasant, healthy, natural-looking complexion in summer, when the brilliant sunshine reveals all "make-up" clearly, than in the dark days. Mrs. Adair, the Beauty Specialist, of 92, New Bond Street, W., does, and provides, everything that is necessary with the most beneficial results, and ladies can safely consult her, personally or by letter.—FLORENA.



Baby's
First Love

Of all Chemists and Stores,
in 1/-, 2/-, 5/- and 10/- Tins.

His Bottle of
Savory & Moore's Food.

**SAVORY & MOORE'S
FOOD**

Real Irish Damask at Manufacturers' prices

While the choiceness of design, fineness of texture, and soft finish of Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Damasks cannot be excelled, the prices charged are those of the manufacturer and not the retailer; thus customers are saved all intermediate profits.

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Double Damask Table-cloth, suitable for either a round or square table. Pattern: Violets and Spot 2 x 2 yds., 19/6; 2 x 2 yds., 24/6; 2 x 2 yds., 29/6; 2 x 3 yds., 30/-; 2 x 3 1/2 yds., 45/6 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 2 1/2 yd., 40 6 doz.

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Superfine Double Damask Tablecloth, suitable for a square table. Design: Regency Period. 2 x 2 yds., 20/6; 2 x 2 yds., 25/6; 2 x 3 yds., 30/6; 2 x 3 1/2 yds., 45/-; 2 x 3 1/2 yds., 50 2 each. Dinner Napkins to match, 2 1/2 yd., 47/- doz.

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We have a big range of patterns. Price List and Samples sent post free on request.

Our Green Book of Damask patterns will be sent post free to intending purchasers.

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AERTEX maintains the heat equilibrium of the body.

Notice the cellular texture of AERTEX. Within this open weave is retained a layer of air which intercepts sudden changes of temperature, and acts as a sure shield against discomfort in extremes of heat and cold.

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CAMBRIDGE.—J. S. Palmer, 4, The Cur.

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DEVIZES.—M. Slaper & Co.
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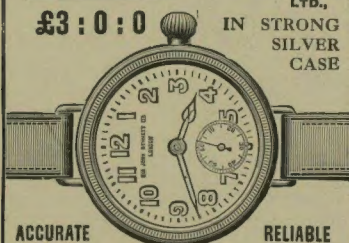
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LIVERPOOL.—Watson Pickett, 25, Nth John St.
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ACCURATE RELIABLE

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Can Your Complexion Stand this?

Or do you fear the wind and the rain? Why not follow the example of so many of Britain's beaut (all women and protect your skin against the wind and the weather, by using the fragrant, non-greasy

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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

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BATTLE OF HELIGOLAND

AT THE RAID ON CUXHAVEN, the Battle of Heligoland Bight, the Falkland Islands Action, and other important Naval engagements were many old boys from the NATIONAL REFUGES. Rescued from poverty, they were trained for the sea by the

National Refuges and Training Ship "Arethusa"

and taught to regard themselves as useful units of a great and mighty Empire.

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Old Boys serving in 100 British Regiments.

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Automatic Adjustable Back.

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Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The slides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use slides under the seat.

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Lotus

773-21/-

A Lotus Dialogue

Old customer, in consternation—

"What, you can't make me a pair! But you must. You know I can't wear ready-mades. That big joint of mine!"

Shopman, producing Lotus—

"Let me try this on, Sir."

Old customer, testily—

"All right. But I know it won't fit." Suddenly—"Jove! it is comfortable, it fits me, it might have been made for me. Put on the other shoe, and I'll walk home in 'em."

Lotus

Agents everywhere. Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford. Manufacturers of Lotus and Delta Shoes.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Import Duties. A large number of motorists are anxiously awaiting the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to whether he will renew the import duties of 33 1-3 per cent. *ad valorem* on motor-carriages and parts that expire on July 31. The views of the British motor manufacturers are that the Chancellor will do well not only to continue them, but to make the impost applicable to imported commercial motor vehicles as well. Unfortunately, the war has played havoc with the trade section of the motoring community; and, what is even more regrettable, the remedy for one section, the manufacturers, does no good and even harm to the other, the retailers. Still, it is the duty of the country to help the creative portion of the motor industry, even if it

cramps the agent who wishes to deal in any kind of machine, either made at home or imported. We must help the motor manufacturer to regain the custom that he has lost during the war, because he has been helping the Nation and the Empire during its continuance. At the present time the motor manufacturers of commercial vehicles are permitted to supply the trading community with their goods under certain conditions, and as a matter of fact, they can meet all the demands of the bulk of the business houses. But they are not receiving their due proportion of orders because the many business firms who used to deal with them have already bought a large quantity of American vehicles. If they want others to supplement their transport, they have to decide whether to purchase a British or an American make. Now, business vehicles have to earn their own cost for their employers, and it has been found to be less expensive and more convenient in the working of such vehicles to have them all of the same manufacture. The stock of spare parts is thereby lessened, and the drivers and mechanics handle one make more economically than several. Therefore, a firm that before the war had, say, 10 British commercial vehicles, and has since the war bought 30 American cars, is nine times out of ten inclined to sell the British cars, if possible, and replace them with American ones, so as to unify his fleet. It is not a question of the price of such vehicles, as the British often cost less than the imported chassis, but purely one of convenience and of simplifying the handling in the garage. Thus the British maker is faced with the serious problem of how to regain this custom he has lost through no fault of his own; and so he asks the Nation to help him by placing an import duty upon all motor vehicles and their parts, of all descriptions.

called the "Auto-Knits." These employees of the firm have raised by concerts an amount of £530 from some twenty-eight performances in the South of Scotland, extending to a radius of forty miles from the works. They have travelled over 2000 miles in an Arrol-Johnston half-ton delivery van (kindly lent them by the managing-



AN OUTING FOR THE WOUNDED: THE ARRIVAL AT BURFORD BRIDGE.

The Harley-Davidson side-car outing for wounded soldiers on Saturday was most successful. About fifty riders assembled at St. Thomas's Hospital at noon, and proceeded to the Burford Bridge Hotel, Box Hill. Luncheon was provided, about a hundred and twenty sitting down, and a musical entertainment was given on one of the lawns in the hotel grounds. Boxes of chocolate biscuits, cigarettes and tobacco were provided for the guests, and all expressed themselves delighted with their outing, and very keen on the mode of locomotion by which they had been conveyed. An interesting interlude was the presentation to Mrs. Duncan Watson (wife of the Managing-Director of the Company) of a bouquet, by Sir Hugo de Bathe, as a mark of appreciation from the private riders. Sir Hugo himself is an enthusiastic rider of the Harley-Davidson motor-cycle.



ON HISTORIC GROUND: A HUMBER CAR AT CAERPHILLY.

Our photograph shows two Cardiff ladies, Mrs. and Miss Thomas, in their 14-h.p. Humber, on the summit of Caerphilly, "the fort of the trench," in Glamorganshire. Caerphilly Castle was, in its day, one of the largest strongholds in the kingdom, and to-day is a magnificent ruin.

director, Mr. T. C. Pullinger) through heavy rains, snow-storms, and black frosts, reaching home often at 2 a.m., after doing a show, and then appearing in the works for their daily routine at 7.15 the same morning. It is pleasant to record such efforts to help the funds for wounded soldiers, as not only do the performers make munitions by day, but create light hearts in these sad times at night at the hospitals, towns, and villages they have visited.

An Admirable Crichton.

Versatility is wonderfully shown by members of the motor industry, but I think Mr. George W. Beldam is the

Admirable Crichton of the trade. Inventor of the Beldam tyre, he gained laurels as a Middlesex County cricketer and a golfer; while this year he has a water-colour picture in the Royal Academy. His seascape, "In Safe Waters," has been favourably received in art circles, so it is to be hoped that we may see further contributions from his brush in the years to come. Henry Farman is no mean astronomer in his spare moments from building aeroplanes; and it is extraordinary how many examples one can give of persons connected with

(Continued overleaf.)

Relief Funds. No body of the community has done more to help the various War Relief Funds than the motorists. Take, for instance, the concert party recruited from the Arrol-Johnston works at Paisley

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SIX CYLINDER

Special Features of the Car.

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Six-Cylinder Valve-in-Head type. Economical, powerful and flexible on all speeds. 30 h.p. by 44 h.p. Four bearing crankshaft.

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Forms Unit Power Plant with engine, exceptionally quiet and easy of manipulation.

One-man Hood on 5-seater models.

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THE INCREASING
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B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES

is due to the unfailing reliability and exceptional power under the most severe tests. The $4\frac{1}{4}$ h.p. B.S.A. fitted with B.S.A. Counter-shaft Three-speed Gear is easy to handle, runs smoothly, and is more economical in every way than a heavy high-powered machine.

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THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS
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54, SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

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THE MARK OF THE
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IF you are a Daimler Owner you are getting your share of satisfaction, for you are realising the beauty of performance of the Daimler Sleeve - Valve Engine, the superb workmanship in the Chassis, and the freedom from the irksome necessity of carbon cleaning, valve grinding and overhauling.

May we gently remind you that wounded Tommies like a Daimler for a health-giving ride. They appreciate its silence and luxurious comfort. It is with pride we acknowledge the service of Daimler Owners in this connection.

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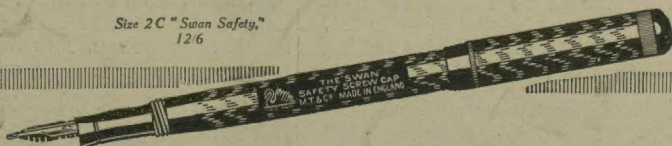
To dread your tyres is as
needless as it is unwise.

Fit

DUNLOPS

and you'll drive with a mind at ease, secure in the knowledge that as far as your tyres are concerned no fault in workmanship and no flaw in material is going to interfere with your journey.

Size 2 C "Swan Safety,"
12/6



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Always use the pen you are used to, then your writing will be *you* to your friends—your signature will be *you* to your banker—your notes will be *you* to your staff. This is only one reason why you should have your own never-changing gold-nibbed "Swan" Fountain Pen—good for a lifetime.

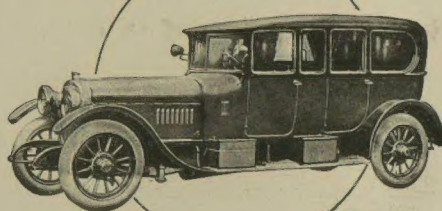
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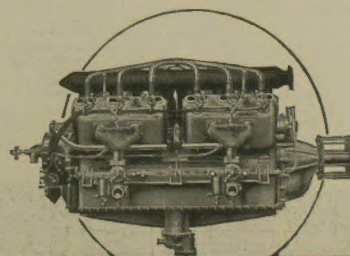
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Continued.]
motoring, and one might add, cycling, who shine in fields least expected by their fellows.

Plea for Paraffin. A most interesting letter appeared in our contemporary the *Autocar* recently, from a correspondent, asking engineers to develop the paraffin-using engine for road cars. As that writer justly remarked, it is no good pretending to be able to use paraffin as fuel in an engine constructed and designed for petrol. With the ever-rising price of the latter, motorists are looking forward for some invention, some design, or some idea from a genius to help the situation. To make a good job of an engine using paraffin, the motor "must be independent of the temperature of the cylinder altering the time of ignition. It must draw in on suction-stroke pure air; it must have a compression of not less than 360 lb. per square inch; it must start from cold from paraffin; it must have no water-injectors; it must not

be complicated by compressors for blowing in the charge, as in the Diesel. This engine is made and working in hundreds on oil-fields in Russia, Galicia, etc.; therefore, we can say it requires adapting to car work only." Now, here seems a chance for some motor firm to cater for a cheap-fuel-using public, as, war or no war, I fear that as more motor vehicles gather on the road each year, so the price of petrol will soar higher and higher. There is more paraffin oil than petrol spirit available, so we may yet see this writer's suggestions develop to make motoring less expensive.

W. W.

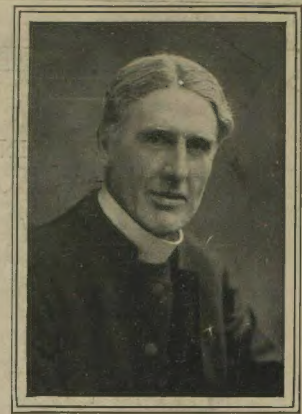
The Caledonian Market at Islington is one of the few places where East and West London meet, on Fridays, in quest of bargains—a taste common to all classes, and not least to those who recognise that a "bargain" has the oddest way of hiding itself in the most unexpected places.

But on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6 and 7, the Caledonian Market will, in an admirable cause, offer bargains in most unconventional forms and fashions, from a motor-car to a string of beads, or from a ton of coals to an "auto-graphed" first edition. The "Wounded Allies Relief Committee," which is doing such beneficent and cosmopolitan work for the wounded men of all our Allies, have, with the indefatigable aid of Lady (Muriel) Paget and an army of ladies well known in society, organised this great sale; and Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, the Grand Duchess George of Russia, and other royal and great ladies will visit the Fair on Tuesday.

Raphael Kirchner and rare daintiness of drawing and colour are interchangeable terms, and it will interest all lovers of his exquisite art to know that there is now being held an important exhibition of his original pictures at the Bruton Galleries, 9, Bruton Street, Bond Street, W. Raphael Kirchner has already won hosts of admirers of his delicate art, and the present

display in Bruton Street will assuredly add to their number.

The excellent concert inaugurated by the staff of the well-known motor manufacturers, Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., 14, New Burlington Street, was held last week, at Hammer-smith Baths, in aid of the "Star and Garter" Fund, and was an unqualified success, realising considerably over a hundred pounds for the valuable object for which it was held. A number of clever artists gave their services with their usual generosity where our wounded are concerned, and the whole of the expenses were borne by the staff of Messrs. Napier. Among those who joined the professional artists was Miss Elizabeth Asquith.



THE NEW CHAPLAIN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE REV. CANON W. H. CARNEGIE.

Canon William Hartley Carnegie is very well known in the West End, as he has been Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster since 1913. He is an M.A., Oxford, and was ordained in 1887. [Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

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A WAR SUCCESS: THE VAUXHALL CAR, WITH AVON TYRES.

In characteristic contrast, our photograph shows a "ship of the desert," standing by an up-to-date Vauxhall war-car with Avon tyres. A driver at the front in Egypt sends the picture, and says that he has been driving the car over the roughest roads and desert tracks imaginable for nearly ten thousand miles, and that she runs as well as when he had her new, and still has the original front tyres on, which are Avons. Another A.S.C. driver writes that all four Avons on his Vauxhall have been running for six months without giving a moment's trouble, never even needing the pump.



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